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Good Counsel

Congress will do well to give particular heed to the counsel the President submits in behalf of its entering upon a broader view of the nation's shipping problem. The President is wholeheartedly set on putting Yankee ships back in the world's deep-water traffic. His vision encompasses the obligation imposed upon us by our position among the nations to build and maintain a merchant marine commensurate with that position. And the American people are, The Tribune believes, participants in his faith that if the conditions confronting the nation are met as they should be met, with native wit, with intelligence, we can recover and hold our estate in the seas.

It is in furtherance of this faith of his and not as the upholder or sustainer of an appointee, that the President bespeaks of Congress consideration of Chairman Lasker's application for funds for Shipping Board necessities. Satisfaction is to be found in the way he puts the case in his letter to Senator Jones, of Washington, with the request that he "make it a point to lay the exact but unpleasant truth before your colleagues".

"The Shipping Board situation is wholly an inheritance from the previous Administration. . . . Our great problem is curing the situation. The difficulty of this task becomes very apparent to me and had its reflex in the delay in the final selection of the Shipping Board. It was no easy thing to bring capable men to the solution of this task. Chairman Lasker is making a very heavy sacrifice to give his time and talents to this most difficult work. He has been able to bring many disinterested advisers to his assistance, but it is impossible for the board, in creating its various departments, to establish such organizations by the ordinary methods of government appointment and compensation. . . . The staggering losses in operation can only be cured by a board of operators whose members know something concerning the business. These men could not be secured without giving up private pursuits which are vastly more profitable than the average administrative salary under the government, and Chairman Lasker has proceeded, with my very hearty approval, in the acquirement of men equal to this task."

That is straight talking. The President reveals that he is fully cognizant of what has been going on in the Shipping Board. This is reassuring, as is also the policy of Mr. Lasker and his colleagues in employing men who know that a fore truck is not some sort of a wheeled contrivance and that the hold of a vessel is not its "cellar."

Experts are needed to deal with our shipping problems. Congress should be willing to pay them what they are worth. Let it take President Harding's advice. It is good counsel.

Immigration Control

Another strong argument is now presented for the transfer to the other side of the sea of an important part of the work of inspection and control which is now done at Ellis Island. Several hundred would-be immigrants are reported to be waiting admission to this country who through no fault of their own may be excluded simply because they are in excess of the quota for the current month which the countries of their origin are permitted under our new law to send hither.

Doubtless there should be some such judicious restriction of the number of immigrants to be admitted. The law should be enforced. But there should be some effective arrangement under which it would be impossible for immigrants to come here on so fruitless an errand, and that arrangement should be made and executed by our government.

We cannot expect the peasants of Europe to keep track of our statistics and learn when the monthly quota from their land is filled. We are not sure that it is the business of the steamship companies to do so, or that they ought to be expected or relied upon thus to supervise the enforcement of our national laws. It would seem to be the duty of our Immigration Bu-

reau, and to be one which should be performed at the foreign ports of embarkation.

The rational system would be to require all immigrants to secure passports before embarking for this country, and to have such passports issued by our representatives abroad only after examination has shown the would-be immigrants to be fit for admission to this country and only when the legal quota is still unfilled. The inquiry into fitness could obviously be conducted more readily and efficiently there than here; and it would certainly be far more reasonable and courteous to tell applicants at Naples or Trieste or elsewhere that the quota is filled and they must remain there until the next month and tell them to come to New York and then tell them here.

Production Progress

Says The Villager:
"What is the remedy for our troubles? Apparently there is but one—production; work harder and work longer—that is to say, make more things, more things, more things! Is there any one, from the priest at Moscow to the diviner in Wall Street, who disagrees? No. Whether the world is to be capitalist, Bolshevik or Guild Socialist, it must, in order to exist, produce more things, and still more things, and so to infinity. Lenin holds to that no less than any bourgeois multi-millionaire. When the doctors are unanimous, who shall dare express a doubt? But is there not room for doubt? For what is now the condition of this increased production?"

The old assumption was that free competition was the key to the treasure house. But except in legislative chambers and in courtrooms there is recognition of the necessity of regulatory competition. The tug-of-war principle of the athlete is coming to honor.

How are we to get more pulling together and hence greater production? Obviously, by permitting men to do it. For thirty years trust busters have fought to keep injurious competition artificially alive. They would have done great harm if their labors had not been in vain. At the other pole is Lenin, who has sought to establish the contrary rule, but has been too stupid to know how. He has warned against freedom by saying that all should be shot who did not at once accept his particular cooperative plan. This, of course, made cooperation impossible.

The trust buster is so eager for freedom that he is blind to the supreme charms of enlarged production. The Bolshevik is so hostile to freedom that he decrees its extinction. The economic problem of the future is to reconcile cooperation and freedom, both valid principles. The solution doubtless lies somewhere between the ideals of Rockefeller and the ideals of Lenin. Men must work together, but as free men, not as slaves. The individual must be accelerated by special rewards and at the same time educated into seeing wherein he is advantaged by team work.

The way to production increase is in allowing national leaders to recruit a following, while at the same time keeping open to every man the right to be a leader if he can command followers; and if he can not or would not lead, then to select those he would follow and work with.

"Drowning" Motor Cars

An automobile graveyard in the East River? Well, it's a relief to hear of it, in a way. For New York to be outdone by Chicago in anything whatsoever would never do. Chicago for the last week has been fishing motor cars out of the waters of an abandoned quarry. It is not unlikely that if the police of all the other big cities get out their diving rods they will find the same sort of cemeteries.

The plausible explanation of these automobile "drownings" is that an organization of rogues is cheating the insurance companies. Engines "spurio versent" tell no tales. A midnight dive off the end of a pier is as good as a theft if indemnification follows. Here is what looks like an attempt to make dishonesty the best policy.

The extraordinary increase of the number of automobile "thefts" gives color to the suspicion that a great many of the reported stealings are of the self-starting variety. Certainly the holders of licenses on cars which may be dragged from the submerged garages have something to explain.

When the automobile was a marvelous new toy on our highways people called it a "devil wagon." The machine suggests no thoughts of Satanism now, but one cannot help noticing that it lends itself by reason of its very mobility to various kinds of deviltry. Like everything else, it has the defects of its qualities. Few felonies are committed nowadays in which motor cars are not accessories before or after the fact. They are the seven-league boots of the criminal. That can't be helped. It's part of the general scheme of things that every good and useful tool man invents is capable of gross misuse in evil hands.

With regard to the graveyard discoveries, however, surely there

must be enough ingenuity among the detective forces of the country to devise some means of making certain whether a car has been stolen or driven to suicide, without having to dredge ponds and rivers whenever a "devil wagon" disappears.

Rewarding Good Service

The report from the White House that men promoted from the ranks of the diplomatic service to the post of minister will not be displaced is further evidence of the Administration's sound understanding of foreign affairs.

A great weakness of our diplomatic service has been its lack of promise to men of ambition. A member of the service who spent years as secretary or counselor had little prospect of being named minister or ambassador unless he had political friends. And worse still, if he once received an appointment and the Administration changed he faced removal to make way for a "deserving" partisan. The diplomatic career, in itself a highly specialized profession, was likely to lead to joblessness at forty-five or fifty years. If the diplomat's work were political this would be part of the natural course of events. But foreign affairs deal with policies of nations rather than of parties, and one of the special functions of diplomatic representatives is to keep the home government informed as to what is going on abroad and to guard the interests of Americans in foreign countries. These representatives carry out American policies as shaped by the Administration. They do not make them. To consider an ambassador as a representative of his party is a natural foible of the politician. When tested by facts it proves to be a fallacy.

The decision to retain as ministers such experienced men as Hugh Gibson, William Phillips and Peter Jay, all old service men promoted by Mr. Wilson, will improve the morale of our diplomatic service. If other equally able men are chosen from the ranks to fill existing vacancies as ministers the effect will be even more beneficial. Diplomacy as a career, to attract good men, must hold this promise of recognition for ability and service.

Her Year of Years

A champion for the sixth time! Ever since she came from Norway with her powerful raquet Mrs. Molla Bjurstedt Mallory has been the dominating figure among our women tennis players—not always invincible, but so in the long run. And this is her year of years. At Forest Hills she reached the peak of her game. Such power, skill and determination as she displayed on Saturday in defeating her friendly rival—her vanquisher more than once—Miss Mary K. Browne, no woman opponent, it seemed, could have withstood.

Miss Browne was great in defeat. It was a marvel that with her slight physique she was all but able to turn the tables on her sturdy opponent. Aside from the exquisite precision and strategy of her play, which everybody applauded, she was such a good loser that the gallery took her to its heart.

Tennis followers will now be on tiptoe for the promised series of matches between Mrs. Mallory and Mlle. Lenglen. When the young visitor from France is quite herself again she will play, it is hoped, as she did when she won from Mrs. Mallory at St. Cloud. And may Mrs. Mallory play as she did on Saturday at Forest Hills!

Kissimmee

The Florida township of Kissimmee has foresighted city fathers. They see the possibilities of mechanical flight as applied to commercial transport and have made provision to regulate it. In Kissimmee it is a misdemeanor for aircraft to collide with telegraph or telephone poles. Also, aviators whose airplanes go "tearing" through space at eight miles an hour are not permitted to fly lower than ten feet above the ground.

Before enacting this protective ordinance Kissimmee made a study of every known type of aircraft, devised a yearly license tax for each, and fixed "all other types at \$300." To experiment with an ornithopter in Kissimmee costs \$300. Despite the formidable name, an ornithopter is nothing more imposing than a set of wings fastened to the arms of the man who wishes to propel himself through space by his own power. The tax on ornithopters is payable in advance.

Kissimmee, however, is sympathetic toward commercial aerial transport. It has made provision that there shall be no tax on aerial freight lines for a period of fifteen years.

The town has provided that "all balloons or airships shall be properly equipped with and shall use bells, whistles or horns, brakes, lights and other signaling and controlling apparatus and nets, parachutes, flying belts and artificial wings and other safety apparatus."

These regulations may seem drastic, but let us not forget that in the rest of the United States there is not a single provision that will prevent any one from taking the air in any

kind of craft and endangering his own neck and the lives of other citizens. The United States stands alone among the nations in its failure to regulate or inspect machines which are used for flying purposes.

Mlle. Lenglen

A Sympathetic Note From One of Our Veteran Athletes
To the Editor of The Tribune:

Sir: Your editorial in to-day's issue about Mlle. Lenglen is timely and kind. As our great under a very urgent invitation she is entitled to the most friendly consideration. Extravagant advance notices had placed her in a position where, as a player, she had everything to lose and nothing to win, and she must have felt that the prestige of France in the field of sports depended on the result of her play.

Probably at her best she could not have prevailed against the wonderful tennis of Mrs. Mallory on Tuesday. But, a young girl, far from home, appearing before strangers and with all this responsibility on her shoulders, it is not surprising that she was not in a state of mind to do herself full justice, and that under the circumstances and in the shadow of probable defeat she broke down and left the field in tears should appeal only to our sympathies. We have not to look far for similar failures in like circumstances; vide Guimet, Travers, McDermott, Chick Evans, Bobby Jones, Alexa Stirling and others.

In France it is not unusual for a competitor to "resign," and while this does not accord with our own notions in the premises, Mlle. Suzanne is to be judged somewhat at least by the usages of her own country.

May we not extend to Mrs. Mallory the fullest meed of praise for her splendid victory and at the same time let Mlle. Lenglen know we understand and sympathize with her position?

JOHN M. WARD.
New York, Aug. 18, 1921.

How Prince Followed

To the Editor of The Tribune:
Sir: Having had some experience with dogs and with the army, I would like to add a few pertinent remarks as to the pliancy of the "Just a Prince" story.

Least disbelief of the facts of the story detract from its beauty, I wish to affirm that dogs follow outfits in an uncanny manner. Let us say that Prince had lived with his master's regiment for a month or so in England while it was training. Having missed them at their departure it is quite possible that he could follow them as a regiment, which is nothing more or less than a moving village. To Prince this moving village spelt his master.

His course to the port of embarkation was comparatively simple, as any of the returning railway cars still bore evidence to him of the route. He must have had a certain amount of luck in finding one of the Channel boats that bore his particular outfit, but once found his passport to France was assured. Any happy dog with a friendly, wagging tail was welcome to travel with any outfit, no matter how strict or proud.

Once in France, the trail was comparatively simple. From the port of embarkation the scent of his master's regiment would be fairly distinct.

In justification of Prince and all army dogs that hold a very warm spot in the hearts of the A. E. F. I request that your print the above. H. B. C.,
Ex-First Lieutenant A. S.
New York, Aug. 20, 1921.

Freedom of Grammar

To the Editor of The Tribune:
Sir: Would a further word on "one's" else? be too much? If not, I would say that the law of four languages gives the possessive form to substantives and pronouns only.

"Else" means beside, or other than (not other alone), and is not a substantive.

As to the question of "Ingramus," his expression, "They went at each other's throat" is the correct form, as it is equivalent to "each went at the other's throat." Each did not go at two throats.

But some colleges of high standing incline to permitting general usage to prevail. They freely split infinitives, end sentences with substantives and pronouns only.

It has been reported that St. Peter, responding to a rap on his door with "Who's there?" received the answer "It's I" and remarked "That's one of those tiresome school teachers."

WILLIAM S. MILLS.
Brooklyn, Aug. 20, 1921.

"Sticking to the Issue"

To the Editor of The Tribune:
Sir: Your leading editorial in to-day's issue, "Sticking to the Issue," is an excellent statement of facts and conditions and should stir our voters to the right action on primary and election days. Your slogan Hymanism-Hearstism and what should be substituted for Tammanyism—"Hillism"—would make three sturdy hills to knock out. You know the rule in baseball—three out all out. And the best will take the bat and keep us in the game of good government.

SAMUEL A. HILL.
New York, Aug. 18, 1921.

Skeptical of Disarmament

To the Editor of The Tribune:
Sir: Let us assume that all the inhabitants of the world assembled to-day and solemnly signed a binding agreement never again to lie, cheat, steal, murder or commit any other crime. Let us also assume that as a result of such a compact we abolished immediately all policemen, sheriffs, officers and other guardians of our peace and security.

Will you please describe the condition of the world about fifteen minutes thereafter?

Is it possible that you, or any government, or any individual is really and seriously considering the least suggestion of disarmament?

JOHN P. GRAY.
Myrtle, Conn., Aug. 18, 1921.

The Conning Tower

SONG

The white gull seeks the open sea;
The partridge loves the woodland dim;
The robin in his ecstasy
Seeks for his song the elm tree's limb;

The hawk patrols the sapphire sky;
The blackbird in the sedge hides;
The catbird hunts the bush nearby
Where in the nest her fledgling bides.

The locust, all the summer day,
Sings loudest in the blazing sun;
The hawkmoth roams the twilight gray
And sips the roses, one by one;
The clover yields the roaming bee
Its sweetness of the summer hour;
The butterfly persistently
Invades the heart of every flower.

The wind pursues the drifting cloud;
The sunlight strikes the lake with fire;
The waterfall, with clamor loud,
Forever seeks its heart's desire;
The wild deer range the upland lea;
The swallow wings across the blue;
And just as far as I can see,
There's no objection if they do.

"Lots of those fellows who're standin' for reforms before election," says Uncle Abimelech Bogardus, of Peakness, N. J., "is goin' to lay down under them afterward."

We look upon this new two-shoulder-strap Sam Browne belt with suspicion. Is this propaganda for a revival of suspender wearing?

It's our conviction that all that is the matter with the Bolsheviks is that they haven't had their breakfast yet.

THEM WAS THE DAYS

First Love
When she came into school that morning something smote you mightily in the pit of your stomach and your heart began to do things that at your present age would set you feverishly scribbling out a last will and testament.

Her eyes were blue and so was her dress, and her hair that clear, fine yellow for which peroxide strives in vain. She was a new pupil, and you prayed, with all the fervor in your make-up that Miss Hoffman would give her the empty desk in front of you. But she didn't.

You spent the rest of the morning gazing in her direction in a state of semi-consciousness until teacher called you down for looking out of the window. Looking out of the window!

Spud Clark—Miss Hoffman called him "Theophilus"—was sitting right behind her. You hated him.

You felt her look at you once in Arithmetic Class. You did very badly; you always did, for that matter, but to-day long division was eight feet below a surging torrent of romance, and still sinking.

Reading was better. You were a pretty good reader and you extended yourself to such an extent that three Miss Hoffman had to say:

"Elmer, don't holler so!"
At noon, you spoke to her.
You said: "Hello!"
And she said: "Hello!"

Rarely in your later experience have you had so thrilling and wholly satisfactory a conversation.

It was several days thereafter that you summoned up courage to speak to her again, due, in some part, to the fact that your opportunities were curtailed by being kept in after school.

This afternoon you went downstairs together and you drew a long breath and said:

"Lenny, carry your books for ya."
And she let you.

That night on the sidewalk in front of your house you saw scrawled:

"Lucy and Elmer."

And the next morning, when you reached the school, certain callous Philistines sang a ditty to you, beginning:

"Elmer Haskins, so they say,
Goes a courtin' night an' day,
Sword and pistol by his side,
Takes Lucy McNamara to be his bride."

You scowled and threatened to kick the singers, but you felt grand and proud just the same.

Love Lyric

Golly, you look awful nice!
Golly, wish you'd look at me!
Wish a hundred million mice
Came to scare you, then you'd see
Teacher screamin' on a chair!
All the other kids would run
Cap'n me, I wouldn't care,
I'd just go and get Pop's gun
And I'd kill 'em.
Golly!

Golly, when us kids was playin',
Recess time, you pulled 'at snoot.
Somebody that there Stub was sayin'
Made you do it, darn galoot!
Golly, when I'm growed up big
He won't dast to bother you.
He's a darned old gruntin' pig
And I'd go and tell him, too,
'Cept he'd lick me.
Golly!

Golly, you've the nicest face!
Golly, and your eyes are dandy!
Want to use my pencil case?
Do you like molasses candy?
Golly, wish I was your beau!
Golly, wish I only had
Cheek to go and tell you so;
Wonder if you would be mad.
Praps you'd let me.
Golly!

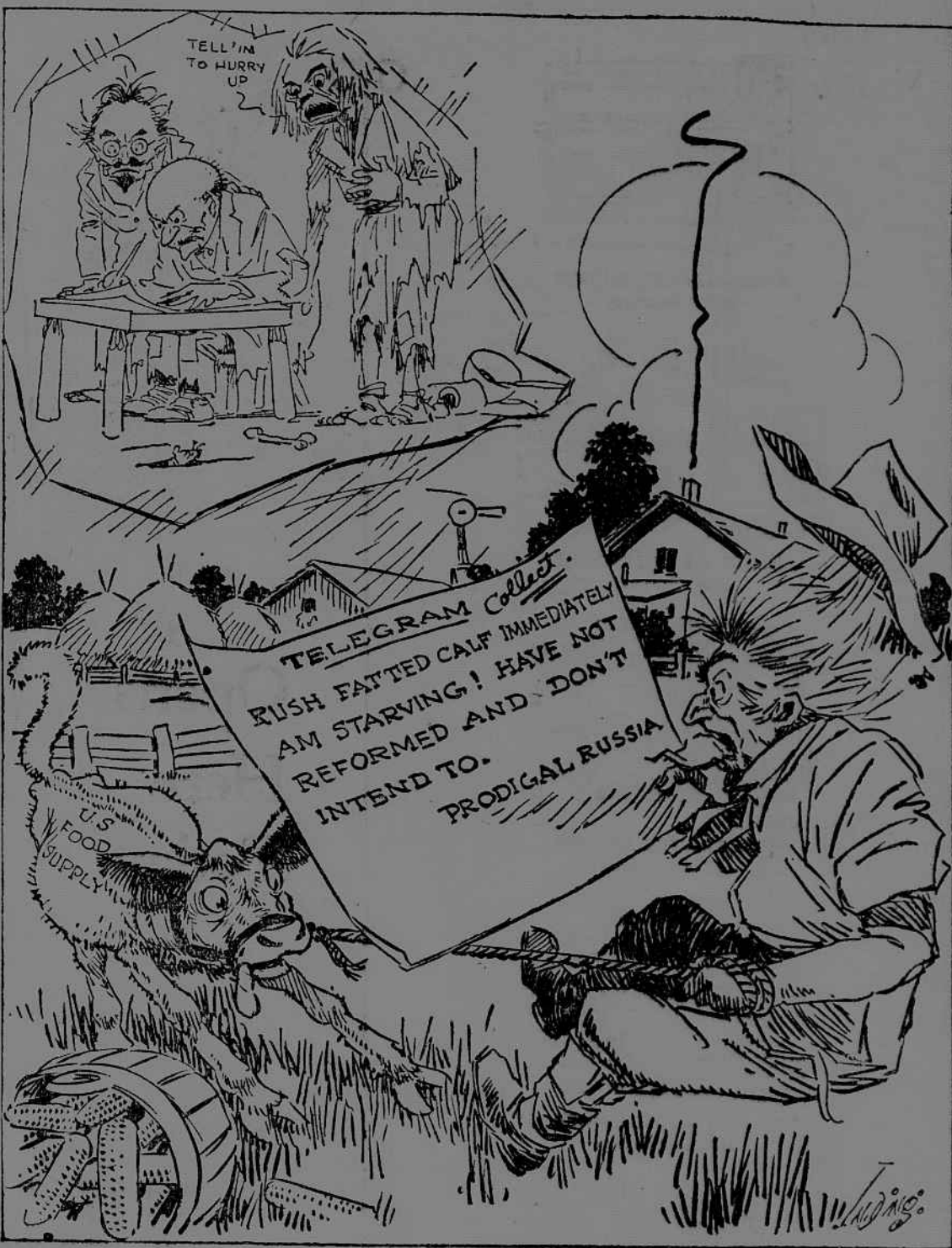
Though the telephone service has improved there is still some small opportunity remaining to the applicant of the caustic paragraph. The subway is the same as usual.

The Irish situation has not turned out as the San Fein expected, and as a matter of fact they never thought it would.

F. F. V.

IT USED TO BE CUSTOMARY FOR THE PRODIGAL SON TO RETURN HOME BEFORE KILLING THE FATTED CALF

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Books
By Percy Hammond

Mr. Charles G. Norris, like many others, is a student of the torments and joys that lie in the small circle of a wedding ring. He finds, as Mr. Gilbert Cannan did, for instance, in one of his essays, that it is in the matter of love that men and women most feel society's oppression, and that in their subjection to its rules it becomes a nuisance and a heavy drag upon human comfort. As the text of Brass, a novel of marriage in California, Mr. Norris selects Robert Browning's

Annals a marriage? 'tis impossible!
Though a ring about your neck be Brass or gold,
Needs must it clasp, gangrene you all the same.

Thereupon Mr. Norris abandons at once propaganda and sets forth upon a graphic tale of wedlock hard by the Golden Gate. The participants are remarkably human as pictured by Mr. Norris's vivid stylus—ranchmen and ranchwomen, insurance agents, bankers, real estate merchants, moving picture celebrities, clerks, typists and a host of other atoms. The neck upon which the yoke of matrimony rests unciest, however, is that of Philip Baldwin, a lusty young male from Pleasant Valley. He goes to San Francisco, and there he snatches unhappily from the merry-go-round of sex that which Mr. Browning calls the Brass Ring.

You will be appalled at the completeness of Mr. Norris's inventory of the impediments to being happy, though married. There were Leila's cold feet, for example. Leila was Philip's second wife; he was divorced from Marjorie, his first, because she became addicted to late hours and the cabarets. Leila was a splendid creature, he thought when he married her, a native daughter with dark, somnolent eyes, thick golden hair, a red mouth and inviting lips; and she was prominent in San Francisco society. But she was troubled with poor circulation, and when she got into bed at night she immediately placed her cold feet against Philip's legs. "There was something peculiarly repellent to Philip about his wife's feet," Mr. Norris says. "They were unusually long and flat, and the toes spread out like the end of a half-curved fan; there was no arch to the instep and they looked unhealthy, tallow-headed, dead. The touch of them invariably sent a mild shiver through him, his flesh rebelled from the contact. But he endured this nightly annoyance without protest. He could never quite bring himself to the point of telling her that he found it distasteful."

Leila was not unconscious of this defect among her charms, though she did nothing to hide it. "She would step out of her low shoes and sit for a quarter of an hour or longer with her feet propped against the open stove door in the kitchen. She would rub her feet with salt, slap them and dip them in hot water, with small result. Massaging them, it seems, stirred the sluggish blood, but as soon as the rubbing ceased the deadly bite of cold returned. Leila fell into the habit of striking her heels whenever she moved. The sound was in the house from the time she got up in the morning until she went to bed at night. She would murmur about her distress incessantly. "Oh—h—cold heels—oh—such miserable cold heels!" . . . Cold heels!

Thus Mr. Norris threads his narrative with pungent details describing countless obstacles to married bliss, unsuspected by the imperiled youth.

Deaf Ear to the Soviets

To the Editor of The Tribune:
Sir: To feed the starving though crying is any one's duty, and most of us are for it, but before we lavish much more of our corn and oil upon a people whose governors are repudiating their debt of millions to our nation and doing their utmost to break down its institutions with the poisonous propaganda of Bolshevism why not exact that their petition for help come from the Whites instead of the Reds—from the anti-Soviet instead of the Soviet capital?

If any capital is to be made out of the exertion of an influence that will save millions from starvation let those in Russia who are opposed to the present régime exert that influence and obtain credit for it.

Disregard all appeals from the Lenin and Trotsky factions and answer only those from their duped and awakened opponents.

Let the cry from even three or four anti-Soviets be answered; let their cause profit by the response, and there will quickly follow massed desertion from the starvation banners of the Soviet.

JOSEPH G. KITCHELL.
New York, Aug. 19, 1921.

An Unfortunate Delusion

(From The Washington Star)
Socialism has been unfortunate in encouraging a large number of people who saw in abrupt social change an opportunity to establish themselves as a leisurely aristocracy.

The Appeal of "Lightnin"

Why Does an Old Reprobate Tug So at One's Heart Strings?

To the Editor of The Tribune:
Sir: In your editorial on "Lightnin'" you say that its long run having demonstrated that it is the sort of play that the present generation of playgoers want, one may deduce that the popular taste is wholesome and that it is not hard to please.

"Lightnin'" Joe is a drunken loafer of a more extreme and less romantic type than old Rip. What is the psychology of the public's attraction to this kind of characterization? It cannot be that people are fond of drunkards or sympathize with this form of weakness.

Joe, like his prototype Rip, has many lovable traits. Is it because of these and in spite of his moral obtuseness that people learn to love him and go again and again, as I have, to come in contact with his irresistible personality? Would he be as lovable if he were a sober and industrious man? Would "Lightnin'" be as popular if he were not a drunkard, if he were not lazy?

Is it the charm, the dry humor that Frank Bacon and Winchell Smith have written into the lines, or is it the almost incomparable acting of Bacon himself, or a combination of both, that so tugs at our heartstrings that we forget the bad habits of the old reprobate that he impersonates?

The play can do no harm; to that extent, as you say, it is wholesome. It is superlatively entertaining, and that is, perhaps, its greatest justification.

Until the end of the world, very likely, crooks, drunkards, women of the demi-monde will remain fascinating dramatic types.

Whatever the psychology of this, one thing is sure: Broadway will not quite be the same now that "Lightnin'" has left us.

ADOLPH EDWARDS.
New York, Aug. 20, 1921.

British West Indies' Future

To the Editor of The Tribune:
Sir: The island of Jamaica is not for sale, and cannot be bartered, as you suggest; not necessarily because of its strategic importance or commercial worth to Great Britain, but because it is the birthplace and home of free and loyal British subjects, and therefore priceless.

If the collection of the British war debt is an urgent necessity, why not make a peremptory demand for a settlement? Such a demand would certainly be accepted in a business spirit, and although such action may be thought sharp, it would certainly not be regarded as an affront to the British colonial's manhood.

For information of your South ern co-spondent, T. S. Rowland, I will say the principle applied to the island of Jamaica applies also to all British West Indian colonies without regard to strategic importance or commercial worth.

The island of Jamaica, under British ownership and control, is an asset rather than a encase to the United States, and it is the belief and desire of the British sovereign, statesmen and subjects that it shall for all time be so.

JOHN ARMSTRONG.
New York, Aug. 20, 1921.

A Pernicious Practice

(From The Boston Transcript)
The Germans are always doing things that are disagreeable to the rest of the world. Just now they are working.